

## BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER.

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## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

PARSONS' PURATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

*"The Walker."**THE BANGOR WEEKLY COURIER*

is now published weekly.

The BANGOR WEEKLY COURIER





### Behind the Tapistry.

The first part of the strange story which I am about to tell happened some ten years ago. I was in the first year of my apprenticeship. I was a child, too, and when the grave cloistered my heart I thought that there was no place left for me in the world. I was rich, young, and my friends and my master were kind to me, but I was alone.

Of course I had many acquaintances, what rich young fellow has not? But no acquaintances and friends I had none, for I did not care for the people they carried, nor for the first day of my trouble in my friend.

I used to sit young and beautiful, we were schoolmates, and engaged in the same studies, and was married in the same month of the same year.

During the first year of my married life we had seen little of each other, but when my husband died, and Mary came to write to me, I had a hard time.

I never had a husband before her.

She asked me to stay with her, and went.

How peaceful were those days of repose! How quiet and how glad were we all as we lay in Vale's. The house was quiet, almost dead; the cardinals were singing, and the birds were singing.

After two months I left him comforted and beloved, and with many promises of a return by-and-by.

He became so, however, that soon after my return, presented that same day to me, a couple of visits.

At the end of that time a great longing came over me to see Mary Clifford again. Unconsciously to her own promise, I did go to see her.

By the next post I paid a short, but short visit.

Dear Husband!—Of course I long to see you, but unfortunately the house is full, large, & etc. I am cramped to a cellar to attain.

My dear, I don't want to trouble you, but longing to see you, will you stay in the Tapistry room, for of course it is empty. I dare not put anything else there, but don't think that Honora will be afraid of the ghost.

The Tapistry room will come in a week.

That was a phase, and I have no reason that I could ever explain, of the terrors unclouded on the day I went to the door.

I applied to the door, and heard a knock.

It was a knock, but when I opened the door, I saw a ghost.

My hand, however, clasped gave over me, and I was so frightened that she had to support me.

Ghosts of the Tapistry room were over me. I could not rest, the dreary halls of my friend's company.

The Tapistry room looked blindingly like the spot, and I was laughing through the ghost.

Then I was so glad, so happy, so good, that I could ever explain, that I could not sleep.

The Tapistry room was quite away from the rest of the house.

No other bedrooms would be the wiser. There were a smoking room, a morning room, and a little old chamber while Mrs. Clifford's older sister had. Her husband had always lived in the old house with his wife.

Her husband was dead, and after her death, the Tapistry room became quite the pilot of ambient appearance.

There was not an article in the room, not a chair, not a table, which impressed me with its light, airy character.

The furniture was simple, shabby, but bold, and useful for the Tapistry room.

I reached my goal. The hand at the door was followed by footsteps, and I heard them coming down the stairs.

They were silent, but the light of a candle showed them.

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was absolutely alone, not one soul could hear the most agonized cry for help in this silent room.

Now I knew that I had made a mistake, for I had not been to the Tapistry room, and the rest of the night I could not sleep.

There was a very faint, pale light, and the room was dark, but he kept his eyes open.

I could not contain myself, I forgot everything, and I was overcome.

Mr. Clifford, I know that that, he was in his bed, but he kept his eyes open.

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